X-MEN

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP

X-MEN

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THE LIVING PHARAOH!

YOU!!!

BUT-- YOU'RE *DEAD!*

THEY EVEN SAY--I *KILLED* YOU!

EXACTLY WHAT I *WISH* THE INFIDELS TO THINK, MAN OF THE BURNING EYES!

FOR, I HAVE DECIDED YOU MUST *SERVE* ME--IN MY MARCH TO *WORLD CONQUEST!*

STAN LEE
MEDITATES OVER A MUTANT MASTERWORK
BY: **ROY THOMAS,** WRITER
DON HECK, LAYOUT MAN
WERNER ROTH, PENCILLER

AIDED BY: *VINCE COLLETTA,* INKER

ABETTED BY: *JEAN IZZO,* LETTERER

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ME-- JOIN FORCES WITH A MADMAN WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO KILL ME?

IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN!

THEN, ALL THE WORSE FOR YOU, FOOL!

ZZZZZ

FOR, THIS SACRED ANKH-- ONCE THE SYMBOL OF LIFE TO MILLIONS--

--SHALL NOW BECOME THE CAUSE OF YOUR DEATH--!

BY THE SECRET SPHINX! MISSED!

YOU'RE TOO USED TO SITTING DUCKS, PHARAOH!

KRZZROK!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU MAKE OUT AGAINST SOMEBODY WHO FIGHTS BACK!

THIS RICOCHET POWER-BLAST OUGHT TO CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE!

AAARRHH!

BLAST THE LUCK! I CAN'T RISK REALLY HURTING HIM-- 'CAUSE HE MAY KNOW WHERE MY BROTHER IS!

HE'S LOST SOMEWHERE IN THESE CATACOMBS-- I KNOW IT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME WHILE I WAS OFF-BALANCE, UNBELIEVER!

FOR, NOW YOU SHALL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE--!

WHILE, IN THE SPRAWLING CITY ABOVE, TWO SEPARATE SEARCHES FOR THE GRIMLY-BATTLING CYCLOPS ARE UNDER WAY...

A MILLION AND ONE CRANK CALLS...

BUT NOT ONE REAL LEAD YET ON THAT MUTANT MURDERER!

AND NOW, THEY EVEN TELL US THE CORPUS DELICTI HAS DIS-APPEARED!

ALL RIGHT, JEAN GAL... WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE CENTER OF THE CITY...

TIME TO DO YOUR THING!

IF SCOTT IS STILL IN MANHATTAN... I'LL CONTACT HIM MENTALLY!

WE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE THE POLICE DO!

WAIT! I'M PICKING UP...HIS THOUGHT WAVES!

HE'S...A BIT SOUTH OF US!

BUT, THE SIGNAL IS FAINT... SO FAINT...!

FAINT OR NOT, LADY... IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

LET'S GO, GROUP!

I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU GROW SO SUDDENLY CARELESS, INFIDEL...

...JEAN! SHE'S COMING THIS WAY... WITH THE X-MEN!

BUT, THE SHOCK OF MENTAL CONTACT... MADE ME LOSE MY FOOTING...!

ZAP!

YET, I WOULD BE A *FOOL* INDEED NOT TO TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF YOUR DISTRACTION!

I CAN *TAKE* QUITE A BIT MORE THAN *THAT,* FRIEND!

WHAT'S MORE, I'M NOT SHY ABOUT *DISHING IT OUT,* EITHER!

NOW, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO *ALEX SUMMERS...*

SO I CAN *FINISH OFF* THIS LITTLE SCRIMMAGE!

THEN, *THAT* IS THE REASON FOR YOUR FOLLY! I--

MMFFF!

HE'S *STRONG*-- STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND MY BLOWS FOR *HOURS!*

UNNHH! THAT *RAY* OF HIS-- KNOCKED ME *OFF BALANCE...!*

SINCE MY ANKH'S *BEAMS* SEEM MERELY TO *STUN* YOU--

AAARRHH!

I AM FORCED TO RESORT TO A MORE *DIRECT* ATTACK!

HAH! HE'LL FIGHT NO MORE AFTER *THAT* BLOW!

TH TUK!

I'VE *LOST CONTACT!*

BUT, THAT MIGHT MEAN-- *NO!* I MUSTN'T EVEN *THINK* IT--!

THEN *DON'T,* LADY!

BOBBY'S *RIGHT,* JEANNIE!

IT COULD ONLY MEAN HE'S *LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!*

NOT A FANTASTICALLY *COMFORTING* THOUGHT, MR. WORTHINGTON, BUT--

JEAN, GIRL-- WHAT *IS* IT!

FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I HAD PICKED UP...

...A MENTAL PATTERN SOMEHOW *LIKE* SCOTT'S...

YET, SOMEHOW HORRIBLY... *EVIL!*

I MUST HAVE BEEN... MISTAKEN...!

BE CAREFUL!

WHOSO DROPS *EITHER* OF THEM ANSWERS TO *ME!*

WE DO AS YOU *COMMAND,* O MIGHTY ONE!

WHY MUST WE THUS *TRANSPORT* THE INFIDELS?

CAN WE NOT SLAY THEM *HERE...* AT *ONCE?*

QUESTION NOT THE *WISDOM* OF THE LIVING PHARAOH!

THE *GRAVES* OF OUR ANCIENT HOMELAND ARE FILLED TO *OVERFLOWING* WITH SUCH RASH ONES!

ALL SHALL BE REVEALED UNTO YOU... IN *TIME!*

THUS, ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER, TWO SLEEK, DARK VEHICLES HEAD FOR JFK AIRPORT...

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THEIR ULTIMATE DESTINATION...THE *LAND OF THE ETERNAL SPHINX...!*

A *MUMMY*, EH? THAT'S STRANGE!

I WASN'T AWARE OF ANY *EXHIBITIONS* IN THE CITY JUST NOW...!

IT IS...A *PRIVATE* SPECIMEN!

IS THERE SOME *IRREGULARITY* IN MY PAPERS, MY FRIEND?

NO, NO...EVERYTHING'S IN *ORDER!*

IN FACT, IT'S GOOD TO SEE SUCH THINGS RETURNING TO THEIR LAND OF *ORIGIN!*

YES... YES, *THAT* IS HOW IT IS!

YOU MIGHT SAY WE ARE TAKING HIM *HOME...*

...FOR *BURIAL!*

...AWAKEN, FOOL!

WE ARE IN *FLIGHT!*

YOUR MUFFLED CRIES CAN *ENDANGER* US NO LONGER!

MMMFF!

IT'S DARK...PITCH BLACK! *NO!*

THERE'S SOME SORT OF SKIN-TIGHT *HOOD...* COVERING MY WHOLE *HEAD!*

A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION AGAINST YOUR APPARENT *MUTANT POWERS*, MY FRIEND!

AND, PLEASE *DO* NOT INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE BY ATTEMPTING TO *REMOVE* IT!

AS YOU SEE... THAT IS QUITE *IMPOSSIBLE!*

IT *ADHERES* TO YOUR VISOR... SO THAT YOU CAN-NOT *OPEN* IT!

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ALL RIGHT... SO WE'LL PLAY IT *YOUR* WAY FOR A WHILE, YOU FAKE PHAROAH!

BUT AT LEAST TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE *TAKING* ME --

--AND *WHY!*

THAT YOU SHALL *NEVER* KNOW... BECAUSE YOU *NEED* NOT KNOW!

ALSO, PLEASE SPARE US THE SOUND OF YOUR *CRIES* FOR HELP!

YOU SEE... I HAVE CHARTERED AN *ENTIRE* PLANE!

THEY'VE... GONE!

WAIT... THAT FAINT *SOUND!*

IT'S *ALEX!*

HE'S LOCKED INSIDE A... *MUMMY CASE!*

FUNNY... I WAS ALWAYS *GLAD* HE DEVELOPED NO TRUE *MUTANT POWERS!*

BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM FALLING *VICTIM*--

TO THE SCHEME OF... A *MADMAN!*

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE MIND OF SCOTT SUMMERS WRITHES IN MENTAL *AGONY*...

IT'S *SCOTT*-- HE'S *IN THAT PLANE!!*

I SUDDENLY STARTED *RECEIVING* AGAIN!

THAT MEANS-- HE'S *ALIVE!* THANK THE *LORD!*

THEN STEP ON THE *GAS*, BEASTIE BABY!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT CRATE ISN'T GONNA STOP TILL IT SEES A *PYRAMID!*

I ADMIRE YOUR ARISTOTELIAN *FLAIR*, MASTER DRAKE...

BUT, *UNARMED* AS WE ARE, I'M AFRAID--

WAIT! LOOK!

THE PLANE'S *SLOWING DOWN*--AS IF IT'S *WAITING* FOR US!

THE *DOOR* IS OPENING!

AND *THERE*-- IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*

BUT IT'S *HAPPENING*, WARREN!

THAT *MAN*-- HE'S BATHING US IN SOME KIND OF *RAYS*--!

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE *HOWS* OF THE THING *LATER!*

RIGHT NOW, WE'RE *DROPPIN'* LIKE A WOUNDED DODO!

AND WE MAY SOON BE JUST AS *EXTINCT*, LAD!

WHEN I TRIED TO *REVERSE* OUR FALL-- THE *JOY-STICK* BROKE!

SNAP!

RELEASE THE *CANOPY*, HANK!

I'LL TRY TO SLOW US DOWN WITH SOME *ICE-WINGS!*

THAT'LL DO FOR *OPENERS*, BOBBY!

BUT NOW, IT'S UP TO THE WINGS OF...

...THE ANGEL!

KEEP 'EM *FLAPPIN'*, FLYBOY!

WE'RE GONNA *HIT--NOW!*

WE MADE IT!

BUT THERE *THEY* GO... WITH SCOTT AND MAYBE *ALEX* ABOARD!

WE'LL *FIND* THEM AGAIN... I *KNOW* WE WILL!

WE'VE *GOT* TO!!

NO ONE SHALL *EVER* FIND US HERE...

NO ONE!!

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU *HERE*... INSIDE A TOMB WHICH WAS OLD WHEN THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS *SAVAGE JUNGLE*...

THAT YOU AND THE ONE CALLED *ALEX* MAY DIE DEATHS THAT *BEFIT* A MUTANT BORN!

BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE... *DIE* YOU SHALL!

MISTER, THE *X-MEN* HAVE BEEN THREATENED BY *EXPERTS!*

EVER HEAR OF A GUY NAMED *MAGNETO?*

BAH! YOUR INFANTILE MOUTHINGS BEGIN TO *TIRE* ME...

BUT I MUST BE *PATIENT*... FOR THEY ARE ALMOST AT AN *END!*

AND NOW, IF YOU WILL *EXCUSE* ME...

I MUST GO TO *PREPARE* MYSELF, IN MOST REGAL MANNER...

FOR A *MIRACLE* WHICH YOU COULD NOT BEGIN TO COMPREHEND!

HE'S *GONE* AGAIN!

THAT GUY IS A BIG ONE FOR *DRAMATIC EXITS!*

BUT, JUDGING BY MY *WET FEET*, THAT'S THE *LEAST* OF MY WORRIES NOW!

I'M IN BIG TROUBLE, AND SO IS *ALEX*--UNLESS--

WAIT!
I HEARD THE PHARAOH'S STOOGES PUT DOWN HIS *MUMMY CASE*... RIGHT ABOUT *HERE*...

JUST LIKE I *THOUGHT!*
THE TOP IS *LOOSE*... *OLD*...READY TO *SPLINTER!*
IT HAD TO BE ...OR HE'D HAVE *SMOTHERED* LONG AGO!

GOOD THING...THIS *HOOD* IS TAKING... THE BRUNT OF MY BLOWS!
OTHERWISE--
THERE--IT'S *GIVING!*

YOU *DID* IT, BROTHER MINE!
HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A *SEC!*
GOOD! AND THEN...
IF YOU CAN JUST DIG UP AN *EXCEDRIN...!*

*AND THUS, ABOUT ONE MINUTE LATER, BENEATH THE FULL DESERT *MOON*...*
WE'VE MET *BEFORE*, CHUMS...
BUT WE WERE NEVER *FORMALLY* INTRODUCED!
THE INFIDELS HAVE *ESCAPED!*
POUR IT *ON 'EM*, SCOTTY!
THE *PHARAOH* MUST BE INFORMED-- *WITHOUT DELAY!*

...IT CAN BE BUT *MOMENTS* AWAY--
THE REWARD OF YEARS OF *SEARCHING*-- OF *SCHEMING*--!
O GREAT *PHARAOH*-- THE PRISONERS ARE *FREE!!*
WHAT?

NO! NOTHING MUST GO ASTRAY NOW... *NOTHING!*
I *GAVE* THE UNBELIEVERS THEIR CHANCE TO DIE A *ROYAL* DEATH!
NOW, *STRIKE* THEM DOWN-- *WITH-OUT MERCY!*

BUT, THE *MINIONS* OF THE SELF-STYLED SON OF OSIRIS ARE ALREADY *ATTEMPTING* TO DO THAT LITTLE THING...WITHOUT MUCH APPARENT *SUCCESS!*

KEEP MOVING, ALEX!

MAKE THEM GET IN EACH OTHER'S *WAY!*

YOU *KNOW* IT, CYKE!

BUT, THERE'S SO *MANY* OF THEM--WE CAN'T LAST *FOREVER!*

CLOSE IN ON *THEM!*

OVERWELM THEM--BY SHEER FORCE OF *NUMBERS!*

FOOLS! CAN YOU NOT PUT TO THE SWORD *TWO* LONE MEN?

STAND BACK... THAT THE *LIVING PHARAOH* MAY SEND THEM TO THEIR ANCESTORS!

EMBATTLED AS THEY ARE, THEY WELL NEVER--

WAIT!

SOMETHING HAS *STOPPED* ME--HOLDING ME *BACK!*

AND NOW, I AM *LIFTED...* INTO THE VERY *SKY!*

SUCH 'A THING IS...*IMPOSSIBLE!!*

YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE *HEAD*, CHUM!

SO, NATURALLY, I'M NOT *REALLY* HOISTING YOU BY YOUR OWN PETARD...

AND, I'M NOT *REALLY* TURNING YOU INTO A MAKESHIFT *MERRY-GO-ROUND*...

--OR LETTING YOU MAKE A *NO-POINT LANDING* ON THAT PYRAMID!

:UNNHHH!:

I CAME ON PRETTY *COCKY*...

BUT, IF HE'D EVER GOT A *BEAD* ON ME... *BLASTVILLE!*

HOPE THE OTHER *TROOPS* 'VE LANDED...!

LAFAYETTE, WE ARE *HERE!*

I THINK I *READ* THAT SOMEPLACE!

SCOTT...OH *SCOTT!* IF ONLY HE'S STILL *ALIVE*...!

JEAN--AND THE *OTHERS!* THANK THE *LORD!*

MY *ORTIC BLASTS* WERE GETTING *WEAKER* BY THE SECOND!

AND, I WAS AFRAID FOR *ALEX*... WITH NO *MUTANT POWER* TO HELP HIM...!

HAH! THESE GUYS AREN'T USED TO *COLD POWER!*

YOU'D BETTER SHAKE A *TOOTSIE* BEAST BABY...

WHILE THERE ARE STILL A FEW OF 'EM *LEFT!*

DON'T DEVELOP AN ULCER ON *MY* ACCOUNT, LAD!

THERE REMAINS A SUFFICIENT QUANTITY TO CONSTITUTE A *QUORUM!*

KLUG!

WHERE IS THE *LIVING PHARAOH?*

ONLY *HE* CAN SAVE US N--

OWWW!

SYLLABLE AND SYNTAX MAY COME AND GO, IT SEEMS...

BUT A *GROAN* IS A *GROAN*...EVEN TRANSLATED FROM THE *HIERATIC!*

YET, MY *PATIENCE* GROWS AS FLEETING AS THE *TIME*, AND SO--

NO, NO! DON'T RISE ON *MY* ACCOUNT, MY FALLEN FRIEND!

SAY... LOOK AT HOW CYCLOPS' *SIBLING* IS HANDLING HIMSELF!

HIS *RIGHT HOOK* IS PRACTICALLY A *SUPER-POWER* IN ITSELF!

THANK HEAVEN THAT'S *ALL* THAT ALEX POSSESSES!

I WANT HIM TO LEAD A *NORMAL* LIFE...NOT LIKE ME...!

SCOTT-- ALL OF YOU! *LOOK UP!!*

THE *PHARAOH--* HE'S *UP* TO SOMETHING--!

SO--TWO OF THE UNBELIEVERS ARE *BROTHERS*...AND BOTH *MUTANTS!*

THEN, *EACH* OF THEM MAY BE THE *THREAT* THAT I MUST *VANQUISH!*

THEN, LET MY DEADLY *ANKH* BE THE WEAPON THAT *DESTROYS* THEM BOTH!!

NOW, ANKH-- *STRIKE*, FOR THE *LIVING PHA--*

BY THE SACRED NILE MY WEAPON IS-- *SHATTERED!*

WAVES OF SHOCKING, STINGING *FORCE*-- BUFFETING ME--!

I JUST *GESTURED*-- AS IF BY SOME KIND OF *REFLEX ACTION*, AND--

THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING-- IT *CAN'T!*

I SAW THE *PHARAOH*-- *MENACING* ME--AND *SCOTT!*

I *BLASTED* HIM OFF THE *PYRAMID!*

SORRY, TIGER... THE *GREAT RA* MUST BE *OUT TO LUNCH!*

SO, IT LOOKS LIKE *DOUBLE DUTY* FOR OL' *ANGEL!*

GREAT RA-- *SAVE ME!!*

THAT'S FUNNY... FIRST TIME WE FOUGHT, THIS CREEP'S *HANDS* HAD POWERS, AS WELL!

BUT NOW, HE'S *HELPLESS*... WEAK AS THE PROVERBIAL *KITTEN!*

FLEE, MY SERVITORS!

FLEE--TILL ONCE MORE I *SUMMON* YOU!

THE *LIVING PHARAOH* COMMANDS--

AND WE MUST *OBEY!*

AWAY, MY BROTHERS ...TO THE PLACE OF THE *SLEEPING SUN!*

AND OVERJOYED TO *DO* IT, I SURMISE!

BUT, WHAT ABOUT.., *ALEX?*

ME? WHAT ABOUT ME, X-MEN?

HEY--WHY'S EVERBODY LOOKING AT ME-- LIKE THAT--?

WHY!?

DON'T YOU SEE, ALEX?

DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

IN A MOMENT OF STRESS, YOU REACTED-- REVEALED AN AWESOME POWER YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD--

AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT--

YOU-- ALEX SUMMERS-- ARE A MUTANT!!

NEXT: THE POWER!

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THE ORIGINS OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

"WHERE ANGELS DARE TO TREAD!"

THERE'S THE KIND OF SCENE I WAS LOOKING FOR... RIGHT BELOW ME!

THEN, HERE'S WHERE LITTLE OL' NEW YORK GETS ITS FIRST TANTALIZIN' TASTE OF...

THE ANGEL!

WINTER, 1963: A WAITING WORLD STILL BASKS IN IGNORANCE OF NAMES IT WILL SHORTLY IDOLIZE ...NAMES LIKE THE BEATLES, BARBRA STREISAND, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, AND...PERHAPS... THE AVENGING ANGEL...!

ANOTHER TIME-WAS TRIUMPH BY:

STAN LEE EDITOR

ROY THOMAS WRITER

WERNER ROTH ARTIST

INKED AND LETTERED BY SAM GRAINGER

GOOD THING THIS *COSTUME* I PATCHED TOGETHER KEEPS OUT THE *COLD!*

OTHERWISE, LONG BEFORE I COULD CATCH THOSE *WAREHOUSE BURGLARS* BELOW--

I'D HAVE CAUGHT A FIRST-CLASS CASE OF *PNEUMONIA!*

WELL, TO BORROW A PHRASE FROM THE FUNNIES--- *HERE GOES NOTHIN'!*

AND, ONE HISTORY-MAKING MOMENT *LATER...*

GAS!

BUT *WHO-- WHERE--?* *UNNNHH!*

PFFF!

HEY... MY GAS PELLETS *WORKED--* THEY DROPPED LIKE *FLIES!*

THIS CRIME-BUSTING BIT'S AS EASY AS FLYIN' OFF A *LOG...* FOR *ME!*

NOW TO SHORT-WAVE IT TO THE *BOYS IN BLUE...*

LET 'EM KNOW THERE'S A NEW *SUPERHERO* IN TOWN---

THE *AVENGING ANGEL!**

UH OH! I CROWED *TOO SOON!*

ONE OF THE GANG IS STILL ON HIS *FEET* ---AND *USIN'* 'EM!

*NOPE---OL' WARREN WASN'T A *CLAIM-JUMPER* OF COGNOMENS; THE ADULT, EVER-ASSEMBLING AVENGERS DIDN'T *EXIST* IN EARLY 1963! ---*STAN*

THEN, HERE'S WHERE I WING IN FOR THE *KILL*

AND START THE LEGEND OF THE *AVENGING ANGEL* ROLLING!

SOMEBODY'S *CHASIN'* ME-- A GUY WITH *WINGS!*

YOU GOT ME *CORNERED!*

BUT, *WHOEVER* YOU ARE, THEM FAKE WINGS DON'T FOOL *BIG ALBERT!*

THE WINGS ARE *REAL*, RAT!

AND, THE NAME IS...THE *AVENGING ANGEL!*

GLASS JAW, HUH?

POW!

SOON, *REINFORCMENTS* ARRIVE... *AFTER* THE ANGEL HAS LEFT HIS PHOSPHORESCENT *CALLING CARD!*

IT'S THE *GRADY GANG!*

BUT, *WHO* NAILED 'EM?

AND WHAT'S THAT LUMINOUS *CIRCLE?*

JUST SOME KIND'A *KID-GANG* SYMBOL, CHARLIE!

PROBABLY *NO* CONNECTION TO THIS CRAZY CAPER..!

...NOR WERE THE CAPTURED *CRIMINALS* ABLE TO SHED MUCH LIGHT ON THEIR CAPTURE!

ONE *PARTIALLY-DEAF* MEMBER OF THE GANG CLAIMS HE WAS ATTACKED BY A *MAN WITH WINGS!*

WHAT?

HOWEVER HE IS A KNOWN PATHOLOGICAL *LIAR!*

JUST MY LOUSY *LUCK!*

THOUSANDS OF TWO-BIT HOODS IN THIS TOWN...AND OL' *WARREN*'S GOTTA PICK OUT A *KNOWN LIAR!*

--WHO DIDN'T EVEN CATCH MY FANCY NEW *NAME!*

OH WELL, *TOMORROW* IS ANOTHER DAY!

"AT LEAST **SOME** THINGS ARE BREAKING MY WAY! I STUMBLED ONTO THIS **TOP-FLOOR** APARTMENT..."

JUST THE SET-UP I *NEED!*

RENTS $80 A MONTH... IN *ADVANCE!*

I, UH... LIKE LOTS OF *FRESH AIR!*

DON'T WANT ANY *FLY-BY-NIGHTS* IN HERE, Y' KNOW!

"THEN, THERE ARE MY *EXPERIMENTS...*"

SCIENCE WAS NEVER MY *STRONGEST* SUIT...

BUT THESE GAS-FILLED *PING-PONG BALLS* OUGHT TO WORK OKAY!

"...AND, OF COURSE, MY *NOCTURNAL FORAYS...!*"

NEED PRACTICE... AND *MORE* PRACTICE!

ONLY *TWO* MORE MONTHS...AND IT'S BACK TO THE *ACADEMY!*

BUT, UNKNOWN TO OUR FEATHERED FRIEND, *OTHERS* ARE BEGINNING EVEN NOW TO TAKE AN *INTEREST* IN HIS FLEDGLING CAREER...

HARD TO *SAY*, BOBBY!

THE WHOLE THING SOUNDS SO *FAR-FETCHED...!*

...A GUY WITH *WINGS!*

HEY, SCOTTY, ...COULD HE BE ANOTHER *MUTANT?*

WAIT!

WE'RE GETTING A MENTAL SUMMONS...FROM *PROFESSOR X!*

...I *OVERHEARD* YOUR CONVERSATION MENTALLY, LADS!

AND, I'VE *LOCATED* ANOTHER MUTANT...NEAR WHERE THOSE THUGS WERE *CAPTURED!*

A *GOOD* MUTANT... OR AN *EVIL* ONE?

IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE* TO SAY!

WE DO NOT *LIVE* IN A WORLD OF LUCID *BLACKS* AND *WHITES*, BOBBY...

BUT IN A COSMOS OF ENDLESSLY-SHIFTING *GREYS!*

RIGHT NOW, WHETHER THAT MUTANT WE'VE LOCATED USES HIS POWER FOR *GOOD* OR *EVIL*--

MAY WELL DEPEND ON *US!*

THUS, THE VERY NEXT *EVENING...*

THOUGHT I SAW MOVING *SHADOWS* DOWN THERE!

THIEVES... ROBBING THE *ATOMIC INSTITUTE!*

THIS IS THE NIGHT I BUILD MY REP!

UH OH! ONE OF THE HOODS IS FIRING WILD!

KRAK!

KNOCKED THE GAS-GUN... OUTTA MY HAND!

IF IT BREAKS, IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO MAKE A NEW ONE!

GOT IT!

BUT... I SUDDENLY FEEL ...FUNNY...!

MUST BE THE GASES I CONCOCTED!

MAYBE I MIXED 'EM WRONG!

OH WELL ...IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM!

MAIN THING IS, I LIBERATED THIS VIAL THE CROOKS WERE AFTER!

WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL RETURN IT TO THE INSTITUTE TOMORROW!

THAT'LL MAKE FRONT-PAGE NEWS OF THE AVENGING ANGEL!

I CAN WAIT A FEW MORE HOURS!

BUT, A SOMEWHAT FATEFUL SURPRISE AWAITS YOUNG WARREN AT HIS UPTOWN AVIARY...

SEE, CYKE? I WAS RIGHT!

IT IS THE WINGED KOOK!

I'LL DO THE EXPLAINING, ICEMAN!

FRIEND, WE'RE MUTANTS...JUST LIKE YOU... AND WE'RE HERE TO ASK YOU TO JOIN... THE X-MEN!

MUTANT? JOIN? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!

SONNY, THE AVENGING ANGEL IS STRICTLY A LONER!

AND ANYBODY WHO PUSHES ME GETS LEANED ON... HARD!

NEXT:

THE DECISION!